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THE LADIES' WREATH: AND PARLOR ANNUAL:

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I have betrayed innocent blood



Trumpet Flower





Trumpet Flower

PHILIP CARLTON.

BY MARGARET PERCKY.

CHAPTER II.

"I come, I come, ye have called me long,—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song."—*Voice of Spring.*

MANY months have passed away, and again it is Spring-time.—Spring, with its soft, blue skies, and emerald verdure. The waters released from their winter confinement, flow on joyfully. The rich, brown tassels of the alder quiver on their slender stems, scattering their golden dust into the brook below; the brook, which beneath them scarcely seems to flow. Violets, rustling among their sheltering leaves, look meekly up with their dark, blue eyes. The willow's silvery buds are opening; and brightly red glow the maple-flowers. Water-cresses lift their feathery heads in the bend of the brook; and cowslips gleam brightly beside them; birds flit among the branches, and swing upon the slender twigs. Bright-eyed children come singing along the woodland paths, lately so still, searching for Spring's treasures. The blue-bird pours forth wild gushes of music among the old apple-trees in the orchard. The woods are bursting into leaf; all—all is life, upspringing, joyous life. The earth rejoices, and far away the blue ocean smiles quietly in the sunshine.

And how does the spring find Philip? He is the first scholar in the academy—the pride of Mr. Weston's heart. They are warm friends now; but it was the teacher that made the first advances. Mr. Weston was astonished at the glimpses he sometimes obtained of the depth and originality of the boy's mind, and endeavored to gain his confidence, in which effort he was successful. Beside Mr. Weston, Philip had no intimate friend. The boys began to feel his intellectual superiority; they treated him with respect, but seldom sought him as a companion; they felt that he and they had nothing in common. Even Kate seemed half afraid to speak to him, at times; and Philip wondered often at the change which had come over the child. On one occasion, particularly, he noticed the timid manner in which she approached his desk; school was just dismissed for the morning, and several times he saw her stop, as if to gather courage

for some great effort. At last she came up to his side ; stooping his head till his hair touched her forehead, he whispered,

"What is it, Kate?"

"Are there any violets yet?"

"Oh, yes ; I saw a great many this morning. Shall I bring you some?" She hesitated :

"Not exactly that, Philip ; but I should like to get some myself, if you would show me where they are."

"Certainly I will, Kate, if you can walk part of the way home with me, though it would be pleasanter at noon ; we want bright sunshine to see them by, you know."

"Well, if you will call for me, I will go directly home and ask my mother to let me go."

"I have a lesson to look over first ; meanwhile you can eat your dinner,—we can easily be back by half-past one, in time for school."

Kate bounded away. In a short time, Philip followed her ; but he had not reached Mr. Arnold's gate before he saw Kate running down the walk, with her violet-basket. She joined him, and they walked along up the street ; in a few moments they turned into a narrow lane, then through a turnstile they entered a field. They crossed that, and climbing over a wall, found themselves in a piece of woodland.

"Oh, how beautiful this is !" said Kate ; it was the first sentence she had ventured during the walk. Philip smiled :

"So it is, Kate ; but I thought you had lost your tongue."

"Why, Philip—oh ! here is a violet."

"Well, do not look at it ; I'll show you some beauties presently, just a few steps more ; here we are !" and Philip threw himself upon the bank, and looked up smiling into Kate's flushed face. She stood quite still gazing around her ; presently she knelt down, and commenced picking the violets ; in a few moments, however, she looked up :

"What a beautiful place this is, Philip ! Just see how beautifully the bank slopes down to the brook." Rising, suddenly, she ran down to the margin, and stooping over looked into the water.

"Oh ! Philip, what are these plants in the water?"

Philip rose from his reclining posture :

"They are water-cresses, Kate, do you want some?" and kneeling down, he reached into the water, and brought up some of the leaves.

"They will look sweetly among my violets, won't they, Philip?"

He drew up some more, and separating some of the finest leaves,

walked back up the bank. "Now, Kate, sit down here and arrange them ;" and he swept the dry leaves from a rock—"this will serve admirably for a seat."

"How soft this green moss is !" said Kate, as she placed her foot tenderly upon it : "And this seat is just large enough for two, isn't it, Philip ?"

It took a long time to arrange the violets ; at length, with Philip's assistance, it was accomplished, and he placed the basket at their feet. There was silence for a time—nothing was heard but the murmuring of the brook. At length, Kate spoke :

"Don't you like Spring, Philip ?"

"Yes," said he, thoughtfully ; "but I think I like Autumn better."

"Do you really ?" said Kate, surprised.

"Yes !" said Philip abstractedly ; he seemed to be in deep thought, and Kate did not again disturb him.

"Hark !" he said, starting suddenly.

"What is it ?" she asked.

"Do you not hear ? it is the clock striking one, Kate, we shall have to go."

"I should like to stay here all day, Philip !"

"True—so would I ; but you see, Kate, some people would not consider it the most profitable way of spending the time." He seemed loth to rise, however.

"Philip !"

"Well, Kate ?"

"We will come out here again some time. Is this the way you go home ?"

"Yes, I always cross the brook a little above here where it is narrower." He rose as he said this. "Come, Kate." She placed her hand timidly in his, and they walked on until they reached the wall, which bounded the wood. He sprang over, and turning, lifted her over in his arms.

"Kate, you are heavier than when I carried you last ; you have grown very much, don't you think so ?"

"I do not know," she said, laughing,— "I do not feel any larger. "Shall we get to school in time ?" she asked as they entered the street.

"Oh, yes ! I can see the clock ; there are fifteen minutes yet."

"Fifteen minutes ! then, Philip, do stop with me to leave my violets. There is a camelia in bloom in the conservatory ; I want you to see it. Will you, Philip ?"

"To be sure I will ; we are almost there."

"We will go in this way," said Kate, "the window is open."

Stepping through it, they entered a parlor which opened into the conservatory. Philip had never before seen a camellia, and he gazed with silent admiration upon the snowy leaves of the queenly flower.

"Isn't it splendid?" said Kate—"Richard says it is the finest camellia he ever saw; the buds are very apt to drop off, and even if they bloom, the flowers are seldom perfect."

Philip bent his head over it:

"Ah! after all, the violets are the sweetest; but it is a magnificent flower, surely. Now smell the violets, Kate!"

"So they are—I never thought of it before; but the camellia is not fragrant."

"Kate," said Philip, abruptly, "you are just like one of your own violets;—what made you so afraid to speak to me this noon? and when you asked me to come in here, you looked as if you were *asking*, instead of *conferring* a great favor. I believe you are half afraid of me!" and he prisoned one of the little hands in his. "You were not so once; why is this?"

The child's soft hazel eyes fell beneath his; their long lashes drooped upon a crimson cheek. He bent down:

"Tell me, Kate—little one, why is it? Have I ever been other than kind to you?"

"Oh, no—no, Philip! it is not that! you know it is not; but, somehow, you know so much, and I so little,—but it is not that either, Philip—not altogether. I cannot tell you exactly, Philip; but very often you have a way of looking, as if you were seeing something that no one else could see, and—," she hesitated:

"And what, Kate?"

"I believe, Philip, you know all that I think, while I am with you."

"What made you think so, Kate?"

"I saw it in your eyes, Philip; and sometimes you tell me exactly."

"Do you think so? *There goes the bell, and we must away!*—Come, we must not be late you know."

* * * * *

It is the last day of summer, and the last of the term; the third day of the examination. The academy is crowded with visitors, for the school enjoys a high reputation, and many are there whose applause it is felt to be an honor to win. Mr. Arnold is there, and close beside him, her hand clasped in his, sits Kate. Edward has just retired from the stage, and now, at the close, is to be made the crowning effort of the day. All eyes are turned upon Philip as he

takes his stand. Kate's hand clasps her father's more tightly.—“Don't he look handsome now, father?” she whispers, then turns to catch every word that falls from his lips. Truly, Philip has *changed*. You would hardly recognize in him the boy of two years ago. His black curls are thrown back from his noble brow; his cheek is pale, but it flushes slightly as he warms with his subject, and his great dark eyes kindle and flash; but it is not for long; the occasion does not demand all his powers. A murmur of applause greets him as he leaves the stage, and his eye for one moment meets that of Kate; a half smile takes the place of the slight curl of the lip with which he had received the praise awarded him. Kate's heart, beneath her pride in him, swells with sorrow. This is Philip's last day at the academy. When shall she see him again? Mr. Weston and her father are talking with him; then she sees him shaking hands with some of the boys who had lingered to bid him farewell. Darting out of the schoolroom, she ran down the steps and up the street; she stopped a moment at her father's gate. Not there—she could not bid him good-bye there, and she walked on up the street; but the walk became a run as she hurried into the narrow lane; over the closely mown grass of the meadow she flies, never slackening her speed till, panting with exertion, she threw herself upon the bank where once the violets lay. “I will wait for him here!” she murmured. Poor Kate! not until the first day of the examination, had she known that Philip was about to leave school. Now the excitement was over, and she for the first time realized that he was indeed going. Half an hour passed, and still Kate sat there, starting at the slightest sound, and often fancying that she heard his footsteps. Half an hour longer. Why did he not come? Ah! but he is coming—she has caught a glimpse of him; but she shrinks away, gliding behind a tree. Slowly he approached the moss-covered stone, and stopped. Kate sprang from her concealment and stood before him, her whole frame quivering with emotion. Her large eyes, dark with intense feeling, were fixed imploringly upon his face.—

“Oh! Philip,” she said wildly, “you are going; and I—oh! what shall I do without you?”

Philip stood quite still, astonished at the passionate grief of the child before him. She bent her head upon her hands—*not weeping*; she had not shed a tear. He silently removed one of her hands, clasping it in both of his own.

“Philip,” she said mournfully, “you do not love me as I love you, or you would not leave me without even saying good-bye!”

"Kate, come here," and he lifted her slight form in his arms, "we will sit down here; listen while I tell you. So I was leaving you without saying good-bye, Kate! did you think I was never coming?"

"It was a long time, Philip!"

"Well, I have been looking everywhere for you. I went to your father's even, and at last, unable to find you, concluded to go home."

Her face was again buried in her hands; but this time the tears came.

"Kate," he said gently, "don't cry;" and again taking her hand, he drew her head upon his bosom.

"Philip," she said, dashing away her tears, and raising her head, "where are you going?—are you ever coming back?"

"I am going, Kate, to teach school, some fifty miles away."

"When are you coming back?"

"I do not know; but, Kate, darling, you must not cry so—I will tell you all about it. It is necessary for me to go in order to earn something to carry me through college."

"What shall you do then?"

"Then,—when?" said Philip, smiling sadly.

"Why, when you have gone through college."

"I do not know, precisely; perhaps I shall be a lawyer, like your father."

The light came into Kate's eyes.

"You will be a great man, Philip!" and she looked up into his face; but slowly she added, "Then will you remember us all?"

"Kate, I have had few to love me; I shall never forget them!"

Her face brightened: "You will write to me, Philip?"

"I have thought of it, Kate; but it will not be best."

"Oh! if you only would, Philip—I shall want so much to hear from you!"

It was hard to resist that pleading voice. Philip laid his hand on her head.

"Why do you not think it best?"

"You do not know, Kate," he said, as he drew back the curls from her forehead. "I will write to you once. Yes, when I enter college I will write."

"When will that be, Philip?"

"In the course of two or three years, I hope. It seems a long time, Kate, but, if God spares my life, I shall accomplish all that I have purposed."

Kate's tears came again.

"If Herbert had lived!" she murmured. "Oh, Philip, you never had a brother!"

"True, Kate ; but have I not lost father and mother ?"

"Yes, Philip—but you have filled Herbert's place to me. I shall be so lonely when you are gone ; I shall so miss you when school begins—but you must go, I can see that, and it can't be helped."

"And I shall miss you very much, little Kate. I do not expect to find another such little friend. When I am teaching school I shall think of the happy days at the old academy. I shall see you, Kate, very often in imagination." Both were silent for a time.—

"Kate, do you see ? the sun is setting—how beautifully it looks through the leaves ! I shall not hurry home to-night—it is the *last*, and if you like I will walk home with you. It has just occurred to me that your family will be alarmed about you."

They rose and walked on slowly, talking as they went. The moon was shining full in their faces when they stopped at the gate.

"You will go to the house, Philip ?" said Kate.

He shook his head. "I must presently say good bye, Kate, to you. I think I hear footsteps coming down the walk." Both listened. "Yes, I am certain ; do you not hear ?" "Yes," said she hesitatingly. "Then, Kate, good bye !" She did not speak. He bent over her and kissed her forehead. "Say good bye, Kate !"—"Good bye," she whispered—he looked fixedly at her for an instant, then turned away. Kate laid her clasped hands upon the gate, and bent her head upon them. She was presently aroused by her father's hand placed upon her shoulder.

"Kate, where have you been ? We have been looking every where for you ; and Philip has been here—I suppose he wanted to bid you good bye—but you were no where to be found."

"I know, father, I have seen him : he has just gone up the street."

"How hot your hand is ! What's the matter, child—are you sick ?"

"No, father," said Kate sadly.

"It's the excitement of the examination—the child is not strong enough to bear it !" muttered Mr. Arnold.

At early dawn, Philip was crossing the field which separated Mr. Hanson's from the public road. His baggage had been carried to Wallingford the day before, and now he stood waiting the coming of the stage, which was to bear him away. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the cry of a bird ; looking up he saw a water-fowl flying away to the southward. Philip stood watching it until it appeared a mere speck in the crimsoning sky. Slowly he repeated the beautiful words of Bryant—

"Thou'rt gone ! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.
 He, who from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will guide my steps aright."

CHAPTER III.

The sweet air of early morning, laden with the breath of a thousand flowers, came floating over the dewy lawn, stealing with the sunshine into the conservatory, gently swaying the leaves of the rich exotics that blossomed there, and fanning the cheek of the fair girl, who, standing there in her dress of white, looked the very spirit of the scene. One arm rested upon the pedestal of a vase, while with the other hand she was filling it with flowers. Steps were heard approaching, she paused and listened; it was a boy with the morning papers; he passed slowly, looking wishfully at the flowers. She smiled.

"You can leave the papers here, Arthur."

He laid them down, and turned away, casting, as he did so, another longing look towards the flowers.

"Wait a moment, Arthur," she said, as she began selecting some of them. The boy's bright eyes followed every movement. "Would you like some flowers to take to your mother?"

"Oh! very much, Miss Arnold;" and with a joyful "Thank you!" he took them from her hand and bounded away.

Kate lingered long over her flowers: they were arranged, and rearranged, as if she wished to prolong the task. At length, her eye fell upon the papers.

"I will carry them in!" she said; and taking one up, she glanced hastily over it. She started, uttering a low exclamation; her cheek flushed crimson as she read. A smile, and a sudden flash of her dark eyes: "I expected it!" she said aloud. "I knew it would be!" and again she read; but the flush faded from her cheek, and her eyes grew mournful—the paper dropped from her hand. "Does he remember me now?" she murmured. "Yes! that one letter ought to assure me of that. Strange those days seem to me now like a dream!" and taking up the paper she sought her own room. And there, with her cheek pressing the crimson cushions of the sofa, she read once more the account of the Commencement exercises, and then the letter which she had received almost three years before.

It was autumn, nearly seven years from the time he left Wallingford, that Philip Carlton again entered the quiet old town. He arrived late in the afternoon, and in the evening left the hotel for a walk. Everything was as he had left it—at least, so it seemed by moonlight. He paused at Mr. Arnold's gate. The trees indeed threw a broader shadow; they were larger than of old; but all else seemed unchanged. He saw the white pillars of the house gleaming in the moonlight; there were lights glancing to and fro, and strains of music sometimes met his ear. "I will call to-morrow!" he said to himself, as, after lingering awhile, he turned away. The next afternoon found him in Mr. Arnold's parlor, awaiting the appearance of Kate. She was long in coming, but at length she entered the room. He had sent up his card, and was certainly expecting something very different from the perfectly ladylike, yet cold greeting with which she met him, as if he had been a stranger. He looked at her for a moment, striving to read the cause. Changed indeed she was from the child he had left her. Her wealth of auburn hair no longer floated in curls, but was braided and wound round her head; still there was the same fair forehead, and the deep hazel eyes, and the same smile too, when at last he succeeded in drawing her into conversation. He finally proposed visiting the conservatory, which opened from the next room. Kate looked puzzled, but she led the way, wondering much at the singular conduct of the stranger. He glanced around as he entered, then turned to Kate:

"Have you a——," he stopped abruptly, for Kate with a face from which every particle of color had fled, was looking up at him.

"Is it you, Philip?" she asked hurriedly. "I know it is! Oh, Philip, why did you not tell me?" and with all the impetuosity of her childhood, she extended her hands to him. "Why did I not know you at first?"

"True, Kate, why did you not? Am I so much changed? or had you forgotten my name?"

"It was the name that deceived me; the name sent to me was Gordon."

"Ah! that was it; the girl must have kept back the card. And how have the years flown with you, Kate? it is very long since we parted under the elms yonder!"

She did not answer; it seemed to her that those eyes had not lost their power of reading her thoughts. He did not seem to notice her silence:

"Is your father at home?" he asked, as she looked up.

"I believe he is in the library. Ah! no, yonder he is in the

shrubbery ; he is coming in the other way. We will return to the parlor."

Mr. Arnold reached the parlor before them ; he turned from the window as they entered.

"Ah ! Mr. Carlton, I am glad to see you ! When did you arrive ?"

"Last evening."

"You were intending to surprise us then."

Philip smiled. Kate looked on surprised ; she was not aware that Philip and her father had met, a few months before, in a western city, and found it difficult to account for her father's instant recognition of Philip.

"I think you were admitted to the bar about a year since, Mr. Carlton ?" observed Mr. Arnold.

"Rather more than that ; it is nearly two years." A long conversation ensued.

"How long do you intend staying in Wallingford, Mr. Carlton ?" said Mr. Arnold, as Philip rose to go.

"Not more than two or three weeks."

"You will be our guest while you remain in town, will you not ? we expect Edward home shortly."

Philip shook his head :

"I must not trespass upon your hospitality, Mr. Arnold."

"Trespass ! indeed, we shall expect to see you very often, if you do not stay with us altogether !" and Philip left the house.

Two weeks passed rapidly away, and Philip sat one evening in his room at the hotel. A bright fire was burning in the grate, for it was chilly, though early in October ; and Philip with his head leaning upon his hand was intently watching it as it sparkled and glowed. Suddenly the door opened, and Mr. Denton, the proprietor, entered with a young man, whom he introduced as Mr. Arnold.—Philip instantly recognized Edward as the new-comer.

"Well, Philip, I am glad to see you !" he said, as he warmly shook the hand of his old school-fellow.

"When did you come, Edward ?" said Philip.

"I reached home only this afternoon ; feeling lonesome this evening, and hearing that you were in town, I concluded to run down here and see you. Wallingford is a dull place *enough* now ! don't you think so ?"

"I have not found it particularly dull," said Philip, smiling. Its stillness seems a relief to me, after so long a period of noise and bustle."

"That proves our tastes to be entirely different," said Edward, as he leaned back in his chair. I cannot content myself here."

"It scarcely seems like home now," said Philip thoughtfully.—The academy is here still, but Mr. Weston is gone."

"Yes, he went several years ago, I believe for a professor's berth in some college."

"I have heard from him occasionally, and have seen him once or twice," said Philip. "But what has become of all our old school-mates, Edward? Your sister attempted to tell me, the other day, but she had lost sight of many of them entirely."

"Oh, it is difficult telling: William Ellis I have been with most of the time; he is about going to Europe to finish his studies. A prime fellow! You would like him. Henry Stone, I suppose Kate told you, is finishing his career as a drunkard. Robert Ainslie is studying law; Louis Weldon is a merchant; Frank Denton went to sea, and has, I believe, never been heard from. Henry Edwards, I hardly know what to designate him; perhaps he might be called a gentleman of leisure, spending his fortune at an enormous rate. I believe that is all of the elder boys that I can give you much information about—but how long do you intend to stay with us, Philip?"

"I do not know precisely; perhaps a week longer. You have been in New-York, Edward, for some time past, have you not?"

"Most of the time," and Edward glanced at his watch. "Ha! I am reminded that I have several calls to make; perhaps you will accompany me, Philip?"

"You must excuse me, Edward; I have some writing to do, which will prevent me from going out at all this evening."

"Then I must bid you good-night," said Edward gaily; "perhaps I shall be over in the morning," he added as he went down the stairs.

Philip returned, and seating himself in the arm-chair Edward had vacated, he opened a small writing-desk, and addressed himself to his task. It was long past midnight ere it was completed. "It will do!" he said to himself, as he glanced over the closely written pages of his manuscript. "I will send it in the morning."

The sun had just risen when he returned to the hotel, after seeing the mail-coach go rattling down the street. An hour afterwards he entered his room.

"What a beautiful day!" he exclaimed, as he threw up the window and sat down in the sunshine. He took up a book, and was slowly turning over the leaves, when the clear, full tones of the academy bell rang out upon the morning air. How his heart thrilled

at the sound ! Years had passed since he had heard that bell ; it seemed as if he was a boy again ; and the familiar faces arose up before him which had once gathered at its call. He was roused from his reverie by the abrupt entrance of Edward Arnold.

"Good-morning, Carlton ! I have just called to see if you will join a party of us who fancy a horseback ride this fine day. Two Misses Waring, Fred Stewart—a friend of mine from the West—with Kate and myself. We start at ten—from my father's. Will you go, Philip ?" Philip assented. "Remember at ten. Do not fail us !" he added, as he passed beneath the windows.

An hour later, and the party of equestrians swept through the streets of Wallingford and out into the open country. Philip rode at the side of Miss Julia Waring, and was delighted to find in her a sister of one of his college friends. The time passed pleasantly away, and at length they turned their horses' heads towards home. Within a mile of Wallingford they reached a bridge. Kate was slightly in advance of the others, who had stopped upon the bridge, when Philip joined her.

"Kate," he said, in a low tone, "why do you ride so fast ? Let us stop here for a moment. Ah ! they are going to pass us ; we will let them !" he added, as he turned aside. "Do you know, Kate," he said, "that this is the same brook by whose side we once gathered violets ?"

"This ?—no, Mr. Carlton, I did not know it was the same."

"You did not call me Mr. Carlton, Kate, there, in the conservatory, when you discovered my identity !"

Kate colored. They rode on for some time in silence ; he was the first to break it.

"I heard the academy bell ring this morning, Kate, for the first time since I have been here ; it was strange, but I recognized its tone instantly. I have been dreaming of those days all the morning, Kate !" Kate tightened her rein, perhaps involuntarily—her horse started. "Do you wish to join them ?" said Philip, leaning forward and laying his hand upon her horse's neck. "We can do so in a moment ; they are just over the hill. Shall we ride forward ?" Her eyes fell beneath his glance. "We will !" said he. "But first tell me, Kate : I have revisited most of the places interesting to me here ; but there is one to which I do not wish to go alone. Will you go with me, Kate ?—this afternoon perhaps, or any time you prefer. I leave Wallingford this week."

"Yes, Philip, I will go." Low as her voice was, he heard it.

"This afternoon, Kate ?"

She bowed her head. Starting their horses into a canter, they soon came up with the rest.

Not a word had been said by either, relative to the spot which they were to visit ; and it was with a wildly beating heart that, later in the day, Kate walked up the street by Philip's side. They reached the narrow lane.

"This way, Kate," he whispered.

It was no question now where they were going. They reached the bank.

"Here is our seat, Kate ; we will sit here once again together, if never more."

She sat down, and he seated himself beside her. The October sun was shining brightly through the richly variegated foliage, its golden light flickering upon the turf-green as in spring time. All was still for a while, but the voice of the brook, and the chirping of the crickets in the grass. Kate had removed her bonnet, and a gleam of sunshine played upon her hair.

"Kate, you look to-day like the little Kate that I remember ; you have your curls again." She did not speak, and he went on. "You did not answer me, Kate, when I asked you the other day, how the years since we parted had flown with you." Her face was turned from him : but he thought he saw a tear fall upon her hand. "Are you changed, darling ? or are we the same to each other that we were seven years ago ?"

"The same, Philip," she whispered.

He encircled her with his arm, and her head rested upon his bosom.

"Oh, Kate," he said passionately, "how I loved you long ago ! Sometimes in these years, I have feared that I should never attain the position that I felt I must occupy, before I could return and ask you to be mine ; but the thought, instead of discouraging, seemed to inspire me with new energy—for I felt that my life would be dark and lonely without you ! Say that you will mine, darling."

He bent his head to catch the whispered words.

"Oh, Kate, I am rewarded now ! How through long years I have looked forward to this hour, and longed to hear from you, if only one word ! Cold as I seemed to you, Kate, when we parted, I was suffering, but I would not by word or sign reveal it to you."

She looked confidently up into the dark eyes, beautiful in their softness, which were bent upon her.

"Did you receive my letter, Philip ?"

"Yes, Kate, and have treasured it as almost the only link which

bound you to me," and again he bent his cheek upon her forehead, and his raven hair mingled with her curls. "Kate, you know little of what my life has been—what it was before I ever saw you. My father died when I was very young—I remember little of him; but my mother I almost idolized; my recollections of her are mingled with painful thoughts. The strong arm on which she had leaned, was removed, and she was left in her weakness to pass through the world alone. I remember seeing her toil, day after day, in weariness and pain, lest she should become a burden to cold-hearted relations. My all-absorbing desire then was to become a man, that I might shield her from all this. And I remember too when she died," his rich voice trembled, and he stopped. "Kate, my little darling, I should not make your young heart sorrowful with my grief. My mother is receiving her reward. In my childhood I used to fancy that she was my guardian angel. She is happy now. See those beautiful clouds around the sun; they are like the trials of her life—they made it close more glorious. Look up, Kate, and see them."

Both were silent as they gazed upon the glorious spectacle.

"We must go, Philip," said Kate, at last.

"Yes," said he, "for I must leave Wallingford to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes, for in a month's time I hope to return to claim my bride."

"My father and mother, what will they say?"

"I have gained their consent, Kate, or I should not perhaps have addressed you as I have done. But, Kate, you are shivering with cold; we must go immediately. I must take care of my treasure," he added, as he folded her shawl around her. And they walked home together, in the quiet evening, talking hopefully of that future which to them looked so bright.

*** The sunny October days flew swiftly by, and soft through the haze of the Indian summer rose the sun on Kate's marriage day. And when like a god he sunk to his crimson couch at even, she waited in her bridal robes the coming of Philip. She was in her own room, standing half enveloped in the rich curtains that shaded the western window; her mother had just left her, for it wanted but a few moments of the time for the ceremony. Thus gazing with her soft, deep eyes upon the evening sky, Philip beheld her as he entered the room. His step fell noiselessly upon the carpet, and he reached her side unperceived.

"Kate, my darling, are you happy?" was whispered by lips close

to hers. A warm flush, just perceptible by the fading light, overspread her cheek. He felt her tremble as she whispered,

"You know that I am, Philip."

His eyes looked searchingly into hers, as he added,

"I have something to tell you, Kate, but not now."

He led her away; but when she stood in the full flood of brilliant light, he almost started, feeling that he had never before seen her look so beautiful. And then the magic words were spoken of that mysterious tie which was to bind them to each other—"long as they both should live," and tremulous as was her voice when she uttered those vows, the soul that looked out from her clear eyes, revealed how firm and unwavering was her faith in him.

It was midnight. The moon rode clear in midheaven when they stood alone in the conservatory. Many of the guests had departed, but still the sound of music and mirth floated out upon the night.

"Mine entirely, now," was breathed in that low musical tone which always made her heart tremble. Her husband's arm encircled her—his warm lips touched her forehead. "I will tell you now, Kate, my wife, what I was thinking of to-night. Did you some months ago, receive a book, with the respects of the author?"

"I did, Philip," she said hesitatingly. "The author, to be sure, has become suddenly known in the literary world, yet I am certain that I have never seen him, and——"

"Certain?—ah! Kate, are you certain? You never knew my other name; that book was mine—and your face, darling, was always before me when I wrote."

"Yours, Philip? Oh! I might have known," and she looked up into his eyes, and, as he bent his head, she passed her hand lovingly through his black curls.

Would you ask of them further? Is anything impossible to the strong will and the earnest heart? And was Philip Carlton one who, as he ascended the hill of fame, would fix his eyes so intently upon the glory that crowns its height, as to forget to shield with his protecting arm, and look into loving eyes of the gentle being who journeys at his side?

He that has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world; for as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

TO BEETHOVEN.

BY INEZ.

I.

I HEAR the voice of thy great pensive soul,
 In the deep shadow of this summer night,
 While far sea waves accordant anthems roll
 From their unfathomed fountains of delight.
 I hear thy voice, and all my heart is still,—
 Hushed in the presence of thy gift divine
 I dream that notes from God's eternal hill,
 From harps that in his awful presence shine,
 Have floated from on high,
 To sing with night her vesper hymn of glory;
 But while I listen, lo! it passes by,
 And leaves me musing o'er thy mournful story.

II.

Thou wert a High Priest of the human heart!
 Holy of Holies was unveiled to thee,
 Which thou didst enter in, and reverently
 Make all its mysteries of thy theme a part.
 All longings for the infinite good, unknown,
 And all heart mournings for the bliss behind,
 All hopes for flowers of beauty still unblown,
 And inward yearnings still in shadow shrined,—
 All the unspoken pain
 Or gladness that within the spirit slumbers
 All that the poet strives to reach in vain,
 Was thine to utter forth in perfect numbers.

III.

Master of all the spirit's richest deeps,
 Of human nature's grandest, holiest part—
 Blessed wert thou in uttering what the heart
 From all the world in sacred stillness keeps.
 O, blessed is the soul where genius lives!
 All suffering is a veiled joy to him;
 To his rich life all earthly anguish gives
 A midnight glory, beautiful and dim!
 Out from that midnight calm,
 Thy gifted spirit's voice serenely flowing,
 Breathes o'er the world's heart like a golden psalm,
 Sweeter and sadder still forever growing.

Friendship often ends in love ; but love in friendship—never.

THE CONFESSION OF JUDAS.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL.

"I have betrayed the innocent blood!" What an eternity of remorse is pressed into that one brief sentence, uttered by the guilty traitor, whose conscience seemed already to be kindling within him the fires that should never be quenched. The temptation under whose influence he had been led to the commission of a crime unparalleled in the history of human guilt, had spent its fury, and his moral sense, which had for the time been deadened under the power of an overweaning love of money, awoke within him, and was already goading him with the torments of despair. We may readily imagine what a throng of ever-living memories came trooping up before him when he beheld his Master in the hands of sinners to whom he had basely betrayed Him.

For three years he had been associated with Him in the most intimate relations. What were his antecedents previous to his call to be an apostle, we have no definite information. But that the sin of avarice, his master passion, had long tyrannized over him, there can be no doubt. And now that his conscience had resumed its authority, it recalled distinctly the process by which he had arrived at his present stage of guilt. His sin was not the result of a momentary assault of temptation, coming upon him in an unguarded hour. The barter of his soul had been made deliberately, and as the result of a previous process of self-destruction, in which he had allowed sin to acquire the supremacy over every sense of justice and honor. He had been the treasurer of the company of disciples, and had, as John plainly charges him, already been guilty of appropriating funds to himself which belonged to the public purse. Avarice had been disciplining his mind and heart for the dark and fearful purposes of Satan, even when he may have been unsuspected of crime by any but Him to whose eye all hearts are open. That one secret sin, cherished and indulged even under all the sacred influences of the Saviour's instructions and presence, had overpowered and mastered all right feelings and principles, until he was fitted for the fatal act which removed him forever beyond the reach of hope and mercy.—It had given its color to every act and thought of his life. It had set up in his heart as the object of his love and worship, not the being whom angels adore, but a gilded and painted bauble which the world calls wealth, and to which he yielded his full allegiance.

He could look with complacency upon no offering that did not increase the weight of the bag which he bore, and from which he had not hesitated to take dishonestly the means of satisfying the demands of his covetousness.

But a week before his fearful crime of treachery against the Son of God was accomplished, he had sat at meat with the Master and his disciples, when Mary, the sister of Lazarus, poured forth a box of costly and precious ointment upon the head and feet of her Saviour. His indignation at the waste found utterance in the question, "Why was not this ointment sold for an hundred pence and given to the poor?" Had the act of generous love to Christ assumed the usual form of a gift in money, it would have found its way to the common treasury, and thus afforded new means of gratifying the insatiable demands of his covetous heart. The vindication of the act by the Master, only the more clearly revealed to Judas the fact that in the work of an apostle he was not to expect worldly wealth and honor. The more his guilty heart anticipated the trial, toil and self-denial, unrequited by earthly gain, that must mark his career, if he remained the disciple of Christ, the more unwelcome did his service appear, until he decided wholly to break therefrom. With this resolution formed, he determined to turn to his account his abandonment of Christ, and to make his base desertion of him a source of gain. The adversary had now the entire supremacy in his heart and was obeyed implicitly. The guilty wretch, forgetful of all but his unbounded covetousness, turned toward the bitter enemies of the Saviour, who, it was well known, were seeking an occasion against him. His knowledge of the Master's resorts was now to ensure to him a liberal reward, and for thirty pieces of silver, he was to deliver him into their hands. From the solemn scene of the Passover he went forth to meet the servants and officers of the Sanhedrim, and leading them to the quiet haunts of Gethsemane, beneath whose clustering branches the Saviour was even then in prayer, he headed the rude mob, and with a kiss pointed out to them the object of their malice, and saw him led away to trial and a shameful death. The measure of his iniquity was now full. And his conscience, whose voice had been silent amid the imperious demands of his master passion, awoke never to sleep again. The sight of his ill-gotten gains only increased his remorse, and casting the reward of his treachery at the feet of the High Priest and the Elders, he uttered the confession that was now awakening within his soul the terrors of despair, "I have betrayed the innocent blood!" What fearful pictures of the past must now have risen in review before him!—

What painful memories were stirring his inmost soul—what a terrible consciousness was ever present with him, that he had passed the bounds of hope and of mercy. How vividly do the incidents of his discipleship come back to his remembrance—the hour when he was chosen to be an apostle by Him who had given indisputable evidence of his divine mission—the wondrous lessons of heavenly wisdom, to which he had listened—the works of divine power which he had witnessed—the tenderness and love—the sympathy and kindness which he had experienced; and all this from one who knew what was in his heart. Then came up the searching truths repeatedly uttered in his ears, which ought to have awakened him to a sense of his guilt, and turned his heart away from its idols—but all unheeded by him in his increasing love of this world. Through all this experience he recalls his sense of the unspotted purity—the majestic goodness—the unsullied perfection of the Saviour's character—his deeds of mercy—his unaffected sympathy—his unchanging benevolence as manifested in the acts of divine omnipotence, by which the blind saw, the lepers were cleansed, and the dead arose. And amid all these distinct memories of the Saviour's character and works, came up that one appalling crime, that grew and darkened until it shut out the light of hope and of heaven—"I have betrayed the innocent blood!"—while the fearful words of the Master are ringing in his ear like the death-knell of his soul—"It had been good for that man if he had not been born."

Already he feels the gnawings of the undying worm within his bosom, and goaded to desperation under the pangs of an awakened conscience, he went out, and by an act of self-murder sent his soul unbidden to Eternity, where he must forever bear the fearful punishment due to his transgression. His crime stands forth pre-eminent, and unparalleled in the history of human guilt. It had no excuse—it was aggravated by all the light he had enjoyed—by all the holy influences he had resisted—by all the professions he had made. Yet might we not pause and ask whether men whose hearts seem to shrink with horror at the thought of betraying the Son of God, are not allowing the sin which led to the crime to nestle within them, and to manifest its power in their characters? We may not receive to its full extent the sweeping charge of a British statesman that "every man has his price;" and yet assert that multitudes have their darling sin, for which they are ready to deny or even to betray the Saviour of a lost world. What else but this may we infer from the conduct of him, who, with a growing prosperity, yet gives with a grudging hand, is jealous of every object of benevolence lest it

may make some demands upon his purse ; who the more his wealth increases, diminishes his gifts, and, though professing to be a disciple of Christ, yet cherishes a sordid covetousness that makes him a proverb even among those who make no pretensions to piety. What else must we infer from the conduct of those who, having professedly connected themselves with Christ and his church, yet seek for pleasure amid the follies and amusements of the world, and thus virtually deny that his yoke is easy and his burden light.—The eloquent Saurin exclaims in one of his impassioned bursts of eloquence, when descanting upon the sin of Judas and his repentance, “ Among that great number of dying people who we know with the utmost certainty, had become rich by oblique means ; among the great number of soldiers and officers who had robbed, plundered and sacked ; among the great number of merchants and tradesmen, who had been guilty of falsehood, deceit, cheating, and perjury, and who, by such means, had acquired a splendid fortune ; among all this great number we have never seen one, who had the resolution to assemble his family round his dying bed, and take leave of them in this manner :—‘ My dear children, I have been a scandal to you through life, I will now edify you by my death, I am determined in these last moments of my life to give glory to God by acknowledging my past transgressions. The greatest part of my fortune was acquired by artful and wicked means. These elegant apartments are furnished by my oaths and perjuries. This strong and well-finished house is founded on my treachery. My sumptuous and fashionable equipage is the produce of my extortions. But I repent now of my sins. I make restitution to church and state, to the public and individuals. I choose rather to bequeath poverty to you than to leave you a patrimony under a curse. You will gain more by the example I give you of repentance, than you would by all my unjust acquisitions. An age, a whole century, does it furnish one such example ?’ Is such strong invective inappropriate to the age in which we live ? What multitudes are willing to barter away their honor, their self-respect, their sense of integrity, virtue, their religious privileges, yea, their souls for wealth ? Never was there a slave in a more fearful bondage than they. “ What will ye give me !” is the question on which hinges their whole conduct and character, and by which great political principles are settled, and which decides their view of right or wrong. Alas ! how many who condemn the treachery of Judas, are yet betraying, for a price, our dearest and holiest rights, trampling on justice and truth, and setting aside the claims of God’s laws and the interests of Christ and

his church ! Human nature has made no improvement in the lapse of ages. In all time the carnal heart in some of its protean developments has manifested its love of self, and its hatred of God ; and so it will continue to do until changed by Him whose grace can make old things pass away and all things become new.

MUSINGS.

BY D. R. K.

Again I breathe the pure and balmy air
That kissed my cheek in childhood's happy years—
Before I bowed beneath the weight of care,
Or knew of sorrow, weariness, and tears.

The herds are grazing on the verdant green,
As quietly as in the days of yore ;
The flocks among the sunny hills are seen,
And woodlands dot the landscape as before.

The little brook still runs its flowery way,
Deep in the valley where the wild thyme grows ;
And on its banks all beautiful and gay,
The lovely snow-white violet still blows.

Full many a wood-bird's wild and mellow note
Chimes sweetly with the murmuring of the stream,
Soft warblings on each gentle zephyr float,
And every note recalls some youthful dream.

But music with her soul-enchancing power,
No more my wildly-throbbing pulse can stay,
Nor zephyrs from the sweet ambrosial bower
The fever on my burning brow allay.

One spot, and one alone, is longer dear ;
It is not where the bright blue waters flow,
Nor where the tuneful wood-birds wild appear,
Nor where the rose-trees in their beauty grow.

'Tis where the ashes of the sainted rest—
The graves of those this stricken heart held dear ;
And soon I too shall lay this aching breast
With them to slumber on the mournful bier.

And be it so ! full long my weary feet
This dreary, bitter pilgrimage have trod,
I long the dear departed ones to meet,
And sing with them around the throne of God !

BABY IS DEAD!

"WHY won't baby play with me?" asked a little prattler, as I stood gazing upon the pale corpse of her baby brother. "Why won't baby open his eyes and play with Lilly?"

"Hush, Lilly; baby is dead," said the attendant.

The child gazed wonderingly at her, and I led her from the room to the nursery, and lifting her upon my lap, strove to explain to her the mystical sentence. She listened attentively, while I told her that though the form of her darling Charley must be put low in the ground, his spirit was folded in the arms of Jesus. Her bright eyes grew brighter, and her little chest heaved with emotion, as I described the Saviour's love for little children, and the happiness of Charley with him in that bright world on high. When I had finished, she twined her arms tenderly around my neck, and putting her rosy lips close to my ear, whispered,

"Lilly loves Jesus, he's so good. Lilly wishes she could live with him and Charley."

God grant that her youthful love for the Saviour may never fade from her heart! But may it grow with her growth, and strengthen with her strength, until that which was but a tender bud in childhood, shall become, in the woman's heart, a bright, beautiful flower! May the infantile wish expand into the all-absorbing desire of maturer years!

And when her summons shall come, be it in infancy or old age, may her spirit be borne by waiting angels to the upper courts, there to meet her Saviour and her baby brother!

* * * * *

"Baby is dead!" How many hearts have throbbled with anguish, and eyes o'erflowed with tears at the utterance of these thrilling words! A tender bud is entrusted to a rejoicing family. Very precious does it become to them. With what ecstatic joy do they note the first dawn of intelligence as it beams from the starry eyes! How merry their own hearts now, as they listen to the shouts of childish glee as they burst from the coral lips! Aye, very, very dear is this little one, and their cup of bliss seems full without alloy; when suddenly the relentless destroyer enters their happy home, and sets his seal on that snowy brow, so like a lily's leaf, in its pure beauty. Disease fastens itself upon the loved one, and like a tender bud nipped by the untimely frost, it withers, droops, and dies. Then come the fearful words, "Baby is dead!" With what

a crushing weight do they fall on the ears of that mourning family ! How reluctantly do their bruised hearts acknowledge the sad truth ! But stern reality avers it so, and the spectre Grief claims them for its own, as they gaze upon the pale face of the little sleeper.

Ah ! the light of those bright eyes is forever quenched, and the lids are closed tranquilly o'er them ; the rose tint has fled from the round cheeks ; the ruby lips are colorless, and the youthful heart has ceased its throbbings.

Yes, "Baby is dead," and silently they prepare it for the cheerless tomb. The golden tresses they so oft have wound lovingly over their fingers, are gently smoothed for the last time, while one fairy curl is severed and placed next the mother's heart ; oft will she gaze upon it, as the months of her sorrow come and go, and weep over the memory of her departed treasure.

Sadly the little form is robed in the tiny shroud, and the dimpled hands crossed sweetly over the pulseless bosom. Gently he is placed in the coffin—it is a harder bed than he was wont to rest on, but he will feel it not. With unutterable anguish they follow him to the dark, cold grave ; strange hands lower him into its gloomy depths, and the clods fall heavily upon the coffin. Each one seems to sink with leaden weight into their hearts. It is filled up now, and the green turf covers the late smiling cherub, and the mourners turn sadly away. Oh ! how dark the world seems now, which was so full of sunshine a little while ago ! How desolate their once joyous house !

"Baby is dead—our idol is gone," is the language of their hearts. Yes, stricken ones, your sunbeam is gone ; but where ? You have buried the beauteous casket beneath the green sods of the valley ; but the precious jewel it contained, is beaming brightly in the coronal of God.

Your treasure is taken from your love-encircling arms, but it is sweetly pillowed on the bosom of that kind Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The bud is nipped from its parent stem in the spring time of its existence ; but it hath been transplanted to a milder clime, where the rough blasts and chilling storms of mortality cannot harm, and where, watered by the soft dew of Divine love, its tiny leaves will expand and bloom with unfading lustre !

Had this bud of life, over whom your souls yearned with such unutterable fondness, been spared to you, you know not how your bright anticipations might have been darkened. When it came to thread life's strange, wild paths, mildew and blight might have settled on

the pure spirit, and guilty, desolating passions scathed the guileless heart.

Then weep not, mourning ones, but rather rejoice that He, who doeth all things well, hath summoned it, in its pristine purity, to a haven of innocence, where contamination nor decay cannot defile or enter. And when you miss the childish prattle or silvery laugh which fell so sweetly on your ears, think of the baby that is dead to you, as a rejoicing angel among angelic hosts that throng the "land of the blest." Baby is dead to earth, but is living in Paradise!

"Then mourn not though the loved one go
Early from this world of woe:
Upon yon bright and blissful shore,
You soon shall meet to part no more,
'Mid amaranthine flowers to roam,
Where sin and death can never come."

N. A.

OLD OCEAN.

BY GENEVA.

ONCE more I stand beside thee, restless ocean,
Moonlight and stars above, and at my feet
Thy untamed billows, mad with wild commotion,
Now proudly lash the shore, then scornfully retreat.

Their foaming crests beneath the moonbeams flashing,
On, on again, and with resistless speed
They come—a rushing sound—a plunge, and dashing
Upon the pebbly shore they sullenly recede.

Thy thousand tell-tale tongues with hoarse complaining,
Ceaselessly clamor to th' unyielding shore,
Whose lonely crags each hollow threat disdain,ing,
Mockingly echo back the dull, discordant roar.

Mildest nocturnal zephyrs gently fan thee
With viewless pinions from the far-off west,
And syren stars smile softly down upon thee,
As if their melting glance might calm thy wild unrest.

Brightly serene, the canopy unclouded,
Its pure transparency above outspreads,
Where night's fair queen with radiance unshrouded,
Her sweetest influences down upon thee sheds.

But who can quell thy tumult, angry ocean?
What syren voice with witching lullaby
Sing thee to sleep, till hushed thy restless motion,
Cradled within the shore's encircling arms thou'lt lie!

Ah! none save His whose mighty voice controlling
Thy wilderness of waters, at His will
Can send them forth in mountain surges rolling,
Or with a word can bid thy raging waves, "Be still!"

FRUITS OF SORROW:

OR AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

BY MARY C. VANGHAM.

I WAS recovering from a long illness. Reclining upon my couch, with its carefully arranged pillows and snowy drapery, I enjoyed to the utmost the sensation of renewed life which, with increasing strength, thrilled through every vein. The sashes were raised, and through the closed blinds came the soft breath of a June morning, bearing on its invisible wings the mingled perfume of a thousand flowers. On a table within reach of my hand stood a vase filled with rare exotics, and by my side sat the dear friend who had brought this beautiful offering.

I never tire of gazing on flowers; but now something inexplicable attracted my attention to the countenance of Lucy Latimer—a countenance which, notwithstanding her thirty-five years, still wore a calm and mournful beauty. Upon her features beamed their usual sweet and benevolent smile, yet at intervals a convulsive spasm distorted the small mouth or contracted the broad, fair brow, and I thought that, more than once, a bright tear glistened in her down-cast eye.

For the first time the thought flashed across my mind that there might be “a story” connected with the life of Lucy. I had known her from my childhood, and her course had been ever the same. She had few pleasures, but many duties. She had literally gone about doing good. A true sister of charity, wherever misfortune came in the extensive circle of her influence, she was seen binding up the broken heart, and pouring the oil of consolation upon the bruised spirit. For all ailments, mental or physical, she had a ready sympathy. From the couch of the sufferer, hurried by some devouring pestilence to the confines of eternity, she shrank not while life remained. She smoothed the pillow of the consumptive, and held the cooling draught to fever-parched lips; and, above all, her warnings and her prayers often led their object to exclaim, in true penitence and submission, “Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done!”

Did a fond mother bend in agony over the form of her departed darling, Lucy's gentle soothings brought comfort to her sorrowing

heart. Did some young wife see the husband of her heart's choice, the father of her little ones, stricken in his prime, and borne away to the silent tomb—the soft voice of Lucy awakened her to present duties, and reminded her of the loving care of Him who is the “Father of the fatherless, and the widow’s God.” In short, she who had been an only child, and was now an orphan, seemed never to feel the want of kindred ; for she was the daughter, the sister, the beloved friend of all who suffered.

“Dear Lucy,” said I suddenly, after a long silence, during which all these thoughts had passed in review before me, “you are very sad to-day, and I know by the dreamy look of your eyes, that it is some sorrowful memory of the past which thus disturbs you. Will you not tell me what it is ? You have never spoken to me of your past life ; yet I remember having heard my mother say, long ago, that your youth had been blighted by some fearful misfortune. If it is not too painful, will you tell me about it ? I feel that I can sympathize with you, though, before this illness, I have hardly known sorrow or pain.”

Lucy’s face was turned from me as I spoke ; but when I concluded, she arose and approaching the bed, stooped and kissed me.—Then, without saying a word, she buried her face in the pillow, and gave way to an uncontrollable burst of tears. Surprised and grieved that I should have caused such pain to that dear friend, who, under all previous circumstances had seemed calm and self-controlled, I mingled my tears with hers, beseeching her forgiveness, and endeavoring to soothe her by the gentlest words. But the repressed sorrows of years had found vent in tears which could not at once be checked. After a long time, however, her sobs ceased, and when, at length, she raised her face, nothing but the mournful expression of her moistened eye told of the conflict which, of late, had raged so fiercely in her soul.

“Forgive, my dear young friend,” said she, “these tears which may have seemed to reproach your kindness. On this day, the anniversary of my bitter trials, a word recalls their memory ; but believe me, your gentle expressions of sympathy alone could have unsealed the fountain of my grief. But I will tell you the story of my youth, and then you will cease to wonder at my occasional hours of sadness or even violent grief.

“When the month of June, 1832, was ushered in, I, like you now, was young, and lived with my parents in a luxurious home ; but, unlike you I had one great sorrow. I had been long engaged to Cecil Alleyne, a young clergyman, who had devoted his life to the work of

a missionary. We were to have been married on the first of June, and to have gone out to India as missionaries. But Cecil was in declining health. A cold, taken during the previous winter, while in the exercise of parochial duties, had preyed upon a delicate constitution, and it was now feared that that scourge of northern climates, consumption, had marked him for its prey. At the time appointed for our marriage and embarkation, he was too ill to leave his room, and the ship sailed without us.

"You may well believe that it was a bitter trial to this noble young man, full of earnest enthusiasm in the cause he had espoused, to be thus cut short in a career which promised to be one of more than ordinary usefulness. But he bowed meekly to his Maker's will with scarcely a murmur at the blighting of all his hopes. But with little of his child-like confidence in our heavenly Father, I rose in fierce rebellion at this unexpected disappointment. Alas! how little did I dream of the sorrows yet in store for me! or how soon my proud heart would be humbled by repeated afflictions!

"Cecil's father lived at S—, six miles from my own home, and thither, at an early hour, I was summoned on the 16th of June.—Cecil was very ill, the old servant said. He had broken a blood vessel during the previous night, and believing that his hours were numbered he earnestly desired to see me.

"I had returned from S— but a few days before, and left him apparently better—so much so, that we had planned a quiet marriage as soon as he should be able to ride over to us. For this I was, if possible, more anxious than himself, that I might gain the sweet privilege of being his constant nurse. Thus when I saw Mr. Alleyne's carriage drive to the gate, I ran eagerly down the path, expecting to see dear Cecil alight from it. Judge then of my disappointment at the intelligence I received.

"Making my preparations with tearful haste, I was soon on my way, and anxiously urging greater speed. The journey seemed interminable, but we arrived, at last, and springing from the carriage, I soon stood by the bedside of my dying Cecil. The bed, for freer circulation of air, was drawn to the centre of the apartment. Opposite to it was the vine-covered window which opened into the garden, from whence rose the perfume of countless flowers, the busy hum of bees from the quaint old apiary in its sunniest nook, and the song of birds from out the branches of the magnificent horse-chestnuts which, even in the sultriest noon, threw their cooling shadows upon the house. Without, all was life and joy—within, gloom and the shadow of death.

"There lay Cecil, but how changed ! The pallid brow, the sunken eye, the labored breath—all told how swift were the strides which the destroyer was taking with his victim. But a holy calm sat on brow and lip, for to him death had no terrors. A bright smile beamed on his pale face as he saw me, and he feebly raised his arms to clasp my neck as I knelt beside him and wept with grief that would not be controlled.

" 'Weep not, my beloved one,' he said, in feeble accents ; 'mourn not, my Lucy, our parting will not be long, and we shall meet above. Gladly would I have lived to have passed the years with you here ; but God wills otherwise, and let us not repine. Grieve not, Lucy, that he is so soon taking me from a world where poison lurks in every cup, where danger follows our footsteps in every path, and where the blight of sin is on all we hold most dear.'

"With a violent effort I controlled the manifestations of my sorrow. But it was his office to cheer me ; the words of the dying infused courage into the heart that was so soon to be left alone. But few more words passed between us, for exhausted by the violent hemorrhage and long-suffering he desired sleep to refresh him for the farewells which soon must take place. I passed my arm beneath his head, and, after a glance of undying affection from those glorious eyes which had always beamed with love for me, he closed them in a soft slumber, peaceful as an infant's upon its mother's breast. His sleep was long, and when he awoke, the shadows of evening were falling, and the honeysuckle at the window had filled the apartment with the rich fragrance that twilight dews always win from its perfumed challices. It seemed the fitting incense to bear the pure soul to heaven.

"This slumber had been refreshing, and Cecil was able to converse with his parents and every member of the household. Never will aught connected with that evening fade from the memory of those who stood around that death-bed, and listened to his inspired words. His glorious intellect, almost cleared from the dull film of mortality, grappled with ideas seemingly too great for human utterance ; and his words fell upon the ear solemnly, as 'oracles from beyond the grave.' Never had the lamp of his affections burned brighter. Dear, exceedingly, as the loved ones who now surrounded him had ever been, in this hour words failed to express his affection for them. And as his eye full of love, wandered over the circle, each felt that the bond which connected our spirits was one which should endure to all eternity. He spoke at intervals for several hours, but at length fell into a quiet slumber, and all, except his parents and

myself, departed to seek repose. He awoke again at midnight, and with kind consideration, entreated his aged and grief-worn parents to seek the rest they so much needed.

“‘Lucy will remain with me,’ he said, in answer to his mother’s remonstrances, ‘she is young, and will not feel the loss of sleep, while watching will make you ill, mother. And do not fear to leave me, for Lucy is the gentlest and kindest of nurses.’

“Left alone, hours of sweet communion ensued between myself and Cecil. He seemed much better. He felt, as he said, no pain, and at times his voice rang out full, clear, and harmonious, as in health. He spoke of our early love, hallowed as it was by many pleasant memories, and besought me not to allow the current of my affections, thus suddenly checked, to return and create bitterness at their source; but, rather, that I should permit it to flow out in widening channels, till it should embrace all who needed love or kindness, and till its blessed waters should create fresh fertility in desert hearts, and cause flowers to bloom by desolate firesides. His apparent ease lulled me into security, and I almost hoped his life would be prolonged. At any rate, his words gave me courage to live and perform my appointed work, and to await with patience our reunion in heaven.

“After a time, he was silent, and lay motionless and with closed eyes. Alarmed by his death-like stillness, I arose and knelt beside his pillow to listen to his breathing. He moved slightly as my lips touched his, and murmured, as I thought, a few incoherent words of prayer.

“I remember no more, till I awoke with a start an hour after, and found the grey light of early dawn struggling with the dying flame of the lamps in the apartment, and the morning breeze blowing chill through the open windows. But colder still was the cheek against which mine rested. I sprang to my feet, and gazed earnestly at the pale, upturned face. Alas! it was the face of the dead!

“Oh, the agony of that moment! With a wild, thrilling shriek, the wail of a breaking heart, I sank fainting upon the floor.

“It was a long time before consciousness returned, and then my first thought went back to that dying scene. I attempted to rise, but still faint, I fell back upon pillow. But, after a time, strength returned, and I arose and returned to Cecil’s room. A long, white object lay in the centre of the apartment, for hours had passed and his remains had been prepared for the grave. It was long before I could summon courage to look upon the face of the dead; but at length I raised the snowy linen that covered it, and all my wild,

rebellious feelings were rebuked by the calm and placid smile which rested upon those features, to which even death could not impart rigidity. It told of peace and perfect joy, and, as I gazed, there grew in my soul a sweet calm and resignation.

"I sat many hours with the grief-stricken parents, beside that shrouded form. Noon came and passed, and the day was waning to its close, when a messenger arrived from my home, and I was summoned from my mournful vigil to meet him in the hall. He was a stranger, but his face expressed sympathy.

"'It grieves me much, Miss Latimer,' said he, 'to be the bearer of unpleasant tidings, more especially as I have just learned the sad event which has occurred here. But I am directed by Dr. S—— to summon you to your parents, who are both attacked by the cholera, which, within the last twenty-four hours, has appeared in our city. My carriage is at the door, and I will return as soon as you are ready.'

"I listened like one entranced. Cecil dead, my parents perhaps dying! Yet I had left them in health but a day since. I must fly to them, yet could I leave the dear remains of Cecil? But I thought of his words of the preceding night, and they gave me courage.—With desperate calmness I ascended to the apartment of death, pressed my last kiss on Cecil's cold brow, bade farewell to the bereaved parents, and in a few moments found myself retracing the road I had traveled yesterday on a similar errand.

"Such was the wild tumult of my thoughts, that I scarcely noted the lapse of time before I reached my home. The sun had set, and in the dim twilight, the house looked very desolate. There were no lights in the windows, no sounds from the open doors, for all had fled on the first alarm of the pestilence. In the hall I was met by Dr. S——. He was our family physician; I had known him from my childhood, and never before had he met me without a smile. But now he looked grave and very sad, and I knew that my fears had not exaggerated the reality. I would have rushed past him, but he detained me.

"'Tell me,' said I, 'if they live. Let me go to them at once. Do not detain me!'

"But the good doctor still held my hand.

"'Summon all your fortitude, my dear child,' said he. 'Can you bear to hear that your father is no more?'

"'My father!' I shrieked. 'Oh, do not tell me he is dead! And my mother!—let me go to them. Do not detain me!—I will be calm, indeed I will!' I continued, as I saw the look of hesitation on the good doctor's face.

"His strong arm aided me up the staircase, and in a moment more, I stood beside the corpse of my beloved father. Still cold and pale he lay, who but two days since I had left in perfect health. Could it be that his pious, loving smile would never rest on me more, or his kind voice greet my ear?

But a moment I lingered there, for he was beyond my aid, and my mother's moans smote my ear reproachfully from the next apartment. In vain I sprung to her relief; in vain I called her by every endearing name; in vain were all my cares. An hour after I entered the house I was an orphan. During all the watches of that terrible night, I sat alone by the dead bodies of my parents—utterly alone, for even the good doctor had departed to the bedsides of fresh sufferers. In the early morning they were laid in the churchyard, and when I returned to my splendid, but now desolate home, I felt that no tie now bound me to my race.

"For days and weeks the dull apathy of despair rested upon my soul, and I wandered about my once cheerful home without aim or employment. During all this time, the disease which had made me an orphan was walking with fearful strides over the land. Our beautiful city had become one vast charnel-house. Day and night the death-carts with their fearful burden went on their mournful way to the burying-places. Happy firesides were fast becoming desolate, and, at length, the universal wail of sorrow pierced even the dull apathy which had fallen upon me. I roused myself, and went forth among the sick. I stood, day by day, by the bedside of the pestilence-stricken. I wiped the death-sweat from pallid brows; I bathed the convulsed limbs; I prepared the healing draught—and many an eye gazed upon me with gratitude in the hour of suffering. I found my reward springing up amidst my exertions, for, in ministering to the sufferings of others, my own were lessened. I blessed the dying words of Cecil, which had pointed me to an antidote to my own grief, so unselfish, and so complete.

"At length the summer of 1832 drew to its close, and the pestilence raged no more among us. But my attendance upon the sick had introduced to my notice many cases of want. My sphere of duty was ample, nor has it ever lessened, and I still find my happiness in contributing to that of others. My days and years glide calmly on, and I await in patience the time when I shall rejoin my loved ones in a world where there is neither sorrow nor parting."

She ceased; but her simple story had left its impression. I drew from it juster views of life and human responsibility. It has left me wiser, if not better, and so I trust it will leave my readers.

THE PILGRIM.

BY J. H. NONES.

THE chant was o'er, the prayer was said,
TEBENANTUS had risen o'er many a head.
A pilgrim knelt with feet all bare,
To offer his evening orisons there.
Beside a column of sculptured stone,
He smote his breast and wept alone;
Low he bended upon his knee,
And a tear on his cheek that none might see,
Fell on his breast, as if it sought
The heart that was filled with burning thought.
Upon his shoulder was wrought the shell,—
He had borne it before the infidel:
Once his arm had wielded the blade
For the tomb where the Saviour in death had laid,
And he was a happy warrior when
He battled against the Saracen.
But he loved a lady with deep blue eye,
Like the depths of a summer evening sky;
With a cheek where the crimson rose had given
A hue—it seemed to have gathered from Heaven.
A brodered scarf she bound on his shield,
To wear when he fought upon the field;
And she plighted her troth on Saint Michael's day,
When the warrior rode with his knights away.
For many a long and tearful hour
The lady had watched from her castle tower,
To hail his banner upon the plain—
But she never saw it wave again.
Ere her lord returned she had gone to rest
Where the yew-tree nodded its towering crest,
And the wind as it swept o'er the stately pine,
Bore a wail from the land of Palestine.
The knight returned in gloom, I trow,
For the shade of grief was on his brow,
The lance and plume were cast aside,
And the palmer's staff their place supplied;
And the only thought his bosom knew,
Was of her who slept where the yew-tree grew.

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
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CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?—To that portion of the human family afflicted with this horrible disease, this is a question fraught with serious import. With them it is a question of life or death. The failure of the medical profession, heretofore, to devise any means for the cure of this disease, has invested it with a terror that accompanies scarcely any other chronic complaint. To assure a man or woman that they had the consumption, was about equal to saying, Your days are numbered; you may as well settle up your worldly affairs and make your peace with your Creator, for you must surely die with the disease that now afflicts you. Quacks took advantage of this dread in the public mind, and, by pretending to be able to cure this frightful disease, gathered golden harvests from the sufferers, while, in fact, they were only attending them to the tomb. To so great an extent had this species of deception been carried, that the human family began to think that the medical faculty were right in pronouncing this an incurable disease.

CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED? is still the inquiry of the sufferer, and the poor mortal upon whom this disease has set its fangs, like a drowning man, still catches at every thing that promises relief; and it is well that it is so. Were it otherwise, any great discovery by which disease can be cured would be of no benefit, because the world had come to the conclusion that there was no use in trying.

Not long since, Dr. Wesley Grindle, a physician of high standing in this city, announced that he had found a remedy which actually cured this horrible disease. Statements came to us from the most reliable sources of cures which had been effected, and which were still being effected, which were truly startling in their character, and we became convinced that there must be reality in his cures, and so stated. Since, we have seen the living witnesses of his triumph over the worst form of disease, and the desire of each and every one of them is, that we should make known this great discovery to the world, for the benefit of others similarly affected.

With this evidence before us, therefore, we have no hesitation in saying that

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

IT IS NO LONGER AN INCURABLE DISEASE.

This is saying a great deal more than we ever thought we should be able to say, but it rests upon positive proof; and it is due Dr. Grindle that his discovery should be made known to the world. For the benefit of suffering men and women, it should be published in every newspaper in the country. It is a shame that the success of Dr. G. has stirred up the malice and envy of many physicians of the conservative order; instead of this, he is worthy of our highest regard; and we predict that the secret of this medicine will, in time, be bought up by the profession, and prove an important accession to the healing art, and a specific for the cure of a disease that, perhaps, fills more graves annually than any other in the catalogue of ailments. This subject is creating a great sensation among physicians as well as others, and our advice to consumptive invalids is, that they lose no time in obtaining this GREAT REMEDY. What if we have been deceived heretofore? better be cheated a thousand times by mere nostrum-venders than once reject the means of cure when placed within our reach, and cheat ourselves out of our lives. Though this medicine has been before the public but a short time, immense quantities are already being dispatched by mail and express to many parts of the country.—*New York Atlas.*

PRICES.—One box, \$3; three boxes, \$8; half dozen, \$14; one dozen, or any number greater, when sent by mail or express, and pre-paid, at the rate of \$2 a box.

Compared with the trouble and expense of getting the principal ingredient entering into our medicine, free from all impurities, our terms are moderate. We can do no more to bring it within the reach of all classes.

Our general depot is at present established in Seventh Avenue, No. 384; some one constantly in attendance.

MATRIMONY; OR, LOVE AFFAIRS IN OUR VILLAGE TWENTY YEARS AGO. BY MRS. CAUSTIC.

12mo. 75 cents.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"It takes strong hold of a subject not often treated of in books, and contains much sound and wholesome instruction to young people of both sexes, conveyed in a pleasing style, and illustrated by such examples as can not fail to enforce its salutary lessons."—*New York Observer*.

"Under the guise of a lively, entertaining tale, most earnest and common sense lessons are imparted, which young ladies, with heads full of matrimonial speculations, would do well to study. The management of the story shows art and ability. The author has a sharp and attractive pen."—*New York Evangelist*.

"It will be extensively read."—*Democrat and Star*.

"Every chapter contains an offer on the part of some gentleman or lady, with the appropriate acceptance or refusal, or discusses elaborately the pleasures, pains, and penalties of flirtations."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

"The incidents are real, and the narrative one of intense interest, and wrought by a skillful hand."—*Waterbury American*.

"It is a living, moving, truthful, affecting picture of life—or rather heart-life, as it will be found to exist in every village in this Christian land. There is every shade of character, of education, of prospect, and of result. There are passages in this work of the most thrilling truthfulness, and it is as a whole more captivating than one out of a thousand novels."—*Albany Spectator*.

"It contemplates some real and serious social evils, and suggests hints and admonitions, which young persons can not heed; too carefully. It is a highly interesting and valuable book."—*Albany Argus*.

"The principal story turns upon a male flirt; who, after making a number of amiable young ladies very unhappy, and breaking the heart, that is to say, incredible as it may seem, killing one outright, is taken in hand by one of the charming sisterhood, less susceptible than the rest, for the purpose of avenging the wrongs of the sex, by paying him, as it is said, in his own coin. Never was retribution more complete. His punishment, though richly deserved, almost awakened our pity. We are sure he never flirted again."—*Newark Daily Advertiser*.

"As a religious story, it is free from the fault of being so sentimental as to do injury to the imagination—and yet the moral instruction, and the many useful hints for the regulation of the conduct, especially in the 'age of love,' are so blended with the narrative as not to weaken the interest in the tale itself. It may be commended as a useful book for our young men and women."—*Buffalo Express*.

"One might judge from the title of this book, that it is a foolish love story; but it is no such thing. It is an uncommonly well-written and impressive tale, designed and adapted to remedy certain great social evils, and to promote true social refinement and happiness."—*Puritan Recorder*.

"It is a sprightly story of village life, and abounds in suggestive lessons to young people respecting matrimonial alliances."—*Mothers' Magazine*.

"A hundred girls will read it, where one would read a book of advice."—*Pres. Quarterly Review*.

THE DISOWNED; Or, RACHEL KELL. BY JOHN MITCHELL.

12mo. 75 cents.

"We have seldom opened a more sensible and interesting work of fiction than this. A sound, moral, and religious sentiment pervades its pages; while a salutary lesson, that we wish was implanted in the hearts of the rising generation, is embodied in the tale."—*Christian Secretary*.

"The subject is a painful one, but it is very well managed and carried out. The heroine is a lone girl, deprived, by the accident of her birth, of the position in society to which her virtue and beauty might otherwise have entitled her, but so placed as to have all of what may be called the 'real wants of life' provided for."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"A story of peculiar domestic interest."—*Presbyterian*.

"This agreeable tale illustrates, in a style of no common beauty, some of the hardships and some of the rewards of virtuous life. It possesses a high-toned excellence of sentiment."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

"An instructive and well-told tale. The heroine was one of those unfortunate ones on whom society places its cruel and irrevocable ban. Her struggles through long years of neglect and scorn, her final triumph, by her rare intelligence and still rarer Christian virtue, over those who had neglected and scorned her, form the groundwork of an interesting and profitable story."—*Onondaga Standard*.

"The author is a clergyman of New England, whose works are extensively circulated, and highly appreciated in that section of the country. Rachel Kell is a pathetic story of real life, founded on an actual incident."—*Journal of Commerce*.

"This is a tale not all fiction, but founded on facts simply hinted at in a note at the close of the volume. It is designed to show that real worth may rise above all the disabilities created by birth, however depressing in their influence. The character of the writer, a New England clergyman, is a sufficient assurance of the aim and tendency of the volume."—*N. Y. Observer*.

"It is one of those novels which will do our young people no harm to read."—*Townsend Herald*.

"Rachel Kell has a purpose. It is designed as a plea for that unfortunate class which, whatever be its virtues and claims, society ignores because their birth wanted the marriage blessing. The book draws the picture of a child intellectual and beautiful, maturing under influences which at last ripen her into a noble and Christian woman, developing qualities which create for her the place in public regard which the accident of birth had denied."—*Congregationalist*.

"It is full of charming incidents and beautiful descriptions of life, and will richly repay a perusal, and yield to the thoughtful mind a golden harvest of good."—*Albany Spectator*.

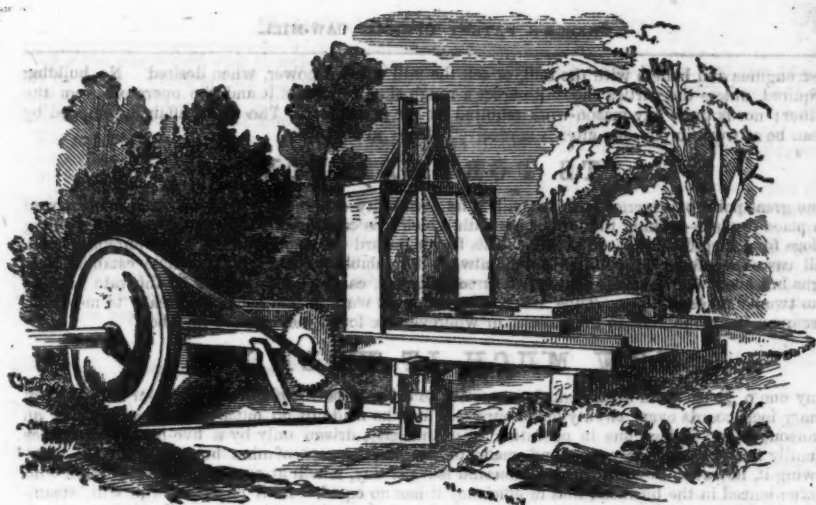
"There is hardly any one who but may find the development of the village history, and especially the beautiful character of Rachel Kell, deepening the hold on the sympathies of the heart."—*National Intelligencer*.

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On the receipt of the price, a Copy will be sent, post-paid, to any Post Office address.



FRAZEE'S PATENT UPRIGHT SAW-MILL.

THIS MILL was invented by Mr. BENJAMIN FRAZER, an experienced mechanic, for which he received letters patent, dated October 13, 1853; since which time, nearly one hundred of them have been put in operation in different parts of the United States, and their value and efficiency thoroughly tested by practical experiment. It has been examined by hundreds of the best mechanics and machinists in the country, and it has been admitted by all that, for cheapness, durability, and efficiency, it is far superior to anything of the kind ever before produced, and that it must eventually take the place of nearly all the mills now in use. We purpose in this paper to give a plain statement of its construction, its advantages, prices, and all particulars which those interested would wish to know before purchasing.

ITS CONSTRUCTION.

It is composed of eight pieces of timber, from five to eight feet long; four pieces of plank, from four to six feet long; and about fifteen hundred pounds of iron; besides two long bed-pieces, a carriage, some small wooden fixtures, pulleys, etc. The common up-and-down saw, six and one-half or seven feet long, is used, without sash-gate or muley, and will saw timber of the largest or smallest size. It is so very simple in its construction that it has but few bearings, and consequently but little friction, and will therefore require much less power to drive it than the more complicated mills now in general use. As much of the cumbrous machinery of other mills, such as large heavy frames, sash-gates, etc., is dispensed with in this, it is much less liable to get out of order; while its simplicity enables any one of ordinary mechanical ability to repair or build it. The amount of repairs required with fair usage is of insignificant import. Another advantage of this mill is, that its work is superior in smoothness and straightness, and that it cuts away less of the timber than most other mills.

OUR EIGHT-HORSE POWER.

The motive power usually sold with it is a simply-constructed, yet efficient and durable, portable steam-engine of eight-horse power, with cylinder from seven to eight inches in diameter, and fifteen-inch stroke, together with locomotive boiler, about twelve feet long, with thirty-two 2-inch tubes, six feet long. The front, or fire-box, is three and one-half feet in diameter, and four feet long. The front and tubes are all heating surface. The engine and boiler together weigh about 4000 pounds. They are constructed especially for this mill, and are of requisite power to drive it with sufficient rapidity to cut over 6000 feet of ordinary inch boards in every twenty-four hours. We supply

FRAZER'S PATENT UPRIGHT SAW-MILL.

larger engines and boilers with the mill, or sell the mill without power, when desired. No building is required, unless the parties choose to erect a rough shed to protect it and the operators from the weather; nor is there any mason-work required for the machinery. The whole affair, as shipped by us, can be at work in one day after it is received at any given place.

ITS PORTABILITY.

One great point of superiority in the mill is its portability—the ease with which it can be moved from place to place—taking the few pieces with which it is composed, to the logs, instead of hauling the logs from long distances to the mill. This fact in regard to the mill renders the purchase of it, in all cases, a safe investment, as it will always be salable property. The whole establishment weighs but about 6500 pounds; and with three ox-teams, can be easily moved at the rate of from ten to twenty miles per day. Thus, when it has done its work at one place, it is ready to move on, either upon the mountains, in the valleys, or wherever the forest may require its labor.

HOW MUCH IT WILL DO.

Any one of these mills, with eight-horse power to drive it, is capable of cutting over 6000 feet of ordinary inch boards every twenty-four hours. It may be made to do much more than this, by an extraneous effort; in fact, one in operation near this city, driven only by a five-horse power, has frequently been timed by a watch, and made to saw at the rate of nine hundred feet per hour. Allowing it, however, to cut but three thousand feet per day, it will at once be perceived by all who are experienced in the business, that in efficiency it has no equal. As it is usually run with steam-power, the delays which other mills are often subjected to, waiting for water, or having too much water, repairing dams, etc., are entirely avoided.

PRICES.

We furnish these mills, with bolts, screws, belting, forty-eight feet of segments for carriage, and everything all complete, excepting two long bed-pieces and the carriage, for

\$450.

The segments we furnish for carriage are sufficient to saw timber twenty-four feet long; but when it is desirable to saw timber more than that length, an extra charge will be made for extra length of segments. A draft, carefully explained and numbered, will be sent with each mill, so that the parts may be readily and accurately put together. We furnish the mill as above, with an eight-horse power engine and boiler, all new and complete, manufactured expressly for this mill, and sufficient to drive it with any rapidity, for

\$1250.

Those wishing for larger power, can have it at the following prices:

Mill, with ten-horse power,	\$1500
" " twelve-horse power,	1800
" " fifteen-horse power,	2000
" " twenty-horse power,	2500

The above are our lowest cash terms, (the right to use being in all cases included,) and we confidently believe that the universal verdict of the practical saw-mill men of the United States will be, that it is the cheapest mill in the world. There is hardly a county on this continent, where one of them, put in operation, will not more than pay for itself in less than two months. Some of those now in operation in the Western States are clearing over forty dollars per day over all expenses.

Those desiring to make a small investment, can find no enterprise that will bring larger and surer returns than this. Many enterprising men have gone into a new country, determined to settle near a saw-mill, so as to use up, or make a profitable disposition of, their timber; otherwise, in clearing the land, they would be obliged to burn and waste most of it. This will no longer be necessary. The forehanded pioneer may now take his saw-mill along with him, with as much propriety and economy as he has hitherto taken his axe and hand-saw. On arriving at his "claim," he can set up his mill, get out the timber for his own residence, if need be; sell the balance to pay for his land, and even get back the cost of the mill beside; and, after all that, sell the mill for nearly or quite the original cost of it, to be moved to some other neighborhood, there to saw its way through another useful career; and so on, till its timbers are shivered, and its existence is ended. Nor is this all. A circular saw, for lath and other light sawing, can be attached, with very little extra expense; and some parties have added a small grist-mill, and the whole was worked without extra power.

FRAZER'S PATENT UPRIGHT SAW-MILL.

To those who would wish to buy Rights, we would say, that this is one of the best patents that can be found. There are six thousand saw-mills built in the United States every year, and this patent will greatly increase the number; for thousands can now have a mill who could not when the cost of a steam mill was four or five times what we charge for this one.

The price of Rights ranges from five hundred to two thousand dollars per county, depending upon the amount of lumber and population.

For mills and machinery, the money must be received or deposited here in New-York before they are shipped. Purchasers can arrange with some banker in their neighborhood to make the necessary deposit here for them. Most of our orders for mills are now coming from places where some enterprising man had set one in operation, and tested it to the satisfaction of the lumbermen of the region.

A few months since, one of these mills was purchased by Mr. J. O. Taylor, of Freeport, Illinois; since which time, ten others have been sold to parties in that vicinity, who had seen Mr. Taylor's mill, all of which are now in successful operation.

The first day's operation of a mill sent to Lansing, Mich., brings us the following letter and order:

Lansing, Jan. 16th, 1856.

Messrs. J. M. EMERSON & Co.:

GENTS:—Enclosed, you will find draft for \$1250 on Bank of Commonwealth, for which, I want you to send me a Mill, with eight-horse power, all complete, precisely like the one I purchased of you, and to send it immediately, as I have agreed to have it running by the 25th of February. My Mill is all correct, excepting that some of the castings were rough. This Mill is sold in consequence of having mine running, which, I am happy to say, works admirably. This day she gave her trial trip; and if she did not walk through the log, then I should not say so. There were some fifty persons to witness it. I shall, probably, order another next week. Send by the same Company as you sent the other, so that I can get it just as quick as possible. I expect to order as many as eight more Mills before the first of June.

Yours, truly,

JESSE S. BUTLER.

—Another letter, from Spring Hill, Mo., says:

Messrs. EMERSON & Co.:

Your Mill, sent to this place, started to-day, in presence of several hundred spectators. During the first five hours of its operation, it sawed over twelve hundred feet of hard oak inch boards. A large number of them will be wanted in this vicinity.

Yours,

JOHN OLDEN.

Griggstown, N. J.

MR. FRAZER:

DEAR SIR:—We have now finished putting up the Portable Saw-Mill—have had it running for about two weeks; and I must praise it a little, as I, as well as the people in this neighborhood, am astonished at its performance. In a word, it runs to our complete satisfaction, and will do all that it was recommended to do. So far as fuel is concerned, the green slabs are sufficient to keep up steam; and now, since putting our exhaust-pipe on our smoke-stack, we can burn up all our dust—thereby saving still more of our fuel—at least, one-half. I shall be very happy to show the mill to all who desire to examine it.

Respectfully,

G. HOYT.

We might give many other similar facts and letters; but the above will answer all purposes.

Of all the parties to whom mills have been sold, not one has expressed dissatisfaction, or regretted making the purchase; but, from all sections where these mills have been tested, we are having calls for more.

Strangers visiting the city, are respectfully invited to call at our office, and we will direct them to one of these mills in operation in this city, which is now being visited by large numbers every day. We would suggest to those living at a distance, and who desire a personal examination, that they write to some friend in New-York to make the investigation for them. One of these mills may also be seen in operation at St. Louis, by calling upon Dr. A. G. BRAGG, of that place.

J. M. EMERSON & CO.,

No. 1 Spruce Street, New-York.

"Beauty and truth have clasped hands in its recital."—*Frederick's (Va.) News*

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By MARION HARLAND, Author of "ALONE."

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"The following notice of this work, which we find in the *Richmond Enquirer*, is doubtless from the genial quill of Mrs. Anna Cona Rronis, and contains a just tribute to the literary talents of the most successful female writer Virginia has yet produced.

"Let this noble production (we use the adjective in its fullest sense) lie upon the table, enliven the hearth, be the household companion of every true-hearted Virginian. Foster this gifted daughter of the South with the expanding sunshine of appreciation, the refreshing dew of praise—stimulate undeveloped genius, which has never yet 'penned its inspiration,' to walk in her steps, emulate her achievements, and share her honors—let Virginia produce a few more such writers, and the cry that the South has no literature of its own is silenced for ever. The *HIDDEN PATH* is a work that north or south, east or west, may point to with the finger of honest pride, and say, 'Our daughter' sends this message to the world—pour this beam into the wounded heart—trace for wavering, erring feet this 'Hidden Path,' which leads to the great goal of eternal peace."—*New-York Evening Post*.

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ISORA'S CHILD,

THE NEW AND POPULAR ROMANCE. BY MRS. HARRIET A. OLCOTT.

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We quote the following:

"As a story, 'Isora's Child' is noticeable for great dramatic power, and a force and consistency of characterization which none of our female novellists have ever exhibited. Its lessons are not obtrusively stated, but they are singularly just and striking."—*Home Journal*.

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And for sale by all Booksellers.

